

madly. Another hullabaloo of boats' whistles on the river, more and more airplanes cutting capers over the ferrying boat, the Patrol, Warren Pershing on the top deck hugging that commission, wrapped in brownish paper. His father chuckling over the antics of camera men massed below and in front of him. The State of Missouri, proclaiming from a listless, insouciant people that it is his own home State and he has shown them.

Uncountable Thousands There.

Manhattan showing only a dark splurge of humanity at the Battery, where the park is ordinarily green. Uncountable thousands clawing to get near enough to see him and yelling over and over "Pershing," or, not infrequently, "Polishing." Pershing in an automobile, compelled to stand and wave his cap for block after block. Lower Broadway as full of people as it could ever get, including windows and roofs. The view partly obscured by a paper snowstorm—ticker tape and fragments of billboards, brokers' account sheets and such, confetti by the billion playing in the sunshine. Cheering for Warren Pershing almost as much as for his dad, which is the last word. The tumult eboling between the high building walls in sort of mammoth cave fashion. The chimneys of Trinity started into ringing out the Duxology as the General passed, and then "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

City Hall park an open place, made so by lines of policemen keeping space clear for the automobile procession, but with a multitude bending the lines. "Aw, give us a chance. Just let me get a look at Polishing. That's it, Officer; just a look." More noise—lots of it. The General escorted into the Hall and the room of the Aldermen. The Mayor addresses him, and then Rodman Wanamaker, chairman of the Mayor's committee, who says that the city's demonstration signifies a whole people's welcome, and ends, "Lafayette, we are here—and we were there." The General's voice trembles as he responds in the same vein of modesty that marked his little speech in Hoboken. His veterans say they never saw him so agitated; anyway, it is hard for him to hold himself together this moment.

On to the Waldorf. Not so many people, not as much noise, on the way up town, but plenty of both. Watch that same Fifth avenue to-morrow when the General traverses it at the head of the First Division. Yesterday's enthusiasm makes it plain that to-morrow's parade will be an event for sure.

Safe Harbor in Hotel.

Finally Pershing and his staff harbored in the hotel. A breathing spell, and an hour or so of reunion with relatives, including the General's two sisters and other kin. An informal afternoon, followed by a private dinner at the Ritz, with Mr. Warren, who says that the General's relatives were in the side streets by the hotel. Cries of "Pershing, Pershing, Pershing," occasionally a surging of enthusiasm, but the General's friends here, he doesn't know what to make of it. He knew the city had in mind some sort of a homecoming party, but he never suspected that it would be this way.

"If this is to be continued," he remarks, "I believe that before many days are passed I shall wish perhaps that the war had continued."

How He Looks and Acts.

How does Gen. Pershing look and act? He may have aged in the more than two years. There is a seam in either cheek, where the boy Warren, who "favors" his father in appearance, has only dimples. His hair is quite gray and cut so short the war is hardly noticeable. When photographs, about the only beings from whom he takes orders, made him take off his cap he looked his age away from the party line every time before they could shoot, which was a natural act that everybody smiled at and liked. His jaw is just as formidable as his pictures make it appear. His lips are habitually set in a stern line. But yesterday he smiled often, laughed often and boyishly and seemed not a bit grim.

In one of the sessions with the cameras—it was on an upper deck of the Leviathan—he suddenly said, "That's enough," sternly, when they had photographed him from every conceivable angle. "Only one more," pleaded the boss cameraman. Pershing was walking away, but he stopped and laughed aloud. "All right," he said, and beckoning to his staff, "Here, you must be in this, too." So they were all snapped together.

It was noticed that the General and each member of his staff wore a Sam Browne belt on the Leviathan and after they landed. This accentuated the impression to be barred except for officers overseas. Gen. O'Ryan, it was recalled, made the officers of the Twenty-seventh Division discard the Sam Browne after their arrival here. Nobody could be found yesterday who was willing to indicate who was going to say no to a full and permanent General and Commander in Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces.

Gen. Pershing is the possessor of most conceivable foreign military decorations, besides the American insignia. He could have come back with the Distinguished Service Medal. Except for that and for the belt and the four gold stars, his uniform was indistinguishable from that of other American officers.

Arrival of the Leviathan.

Before Secretary of War Baker and his party and the city's greeters had their early breakfast in preparation for the harbor excursion, the Leviathan was taking on its pilot in the harbor. Sandy Hook, near the entrance of the Ambrose Channel. Half a dozen destroyers had steamed down to escort her. Thirty or forty reporters and photographers, on the army tug Hulver, had left the Battery at 4:30 A. M. escorted by army officers. They had been assured by the army that they would board the Leviathan out of the harbor, but the former Vindicator, directed by the Navy Department, was under way before they got there, al-

though the Hulver was on hand before the appointed time, 7 o'clock. So the Hulver trailed the destroyers up the harbor and there was no sight of Gen. Pershing from its deck until Hoboken was reached. An officer of a destroyer magnified that the Leviathan had been asked to stop in Gravesend Bay, but she kept right on, it being of first importance that she should reach her pier on the high tide.

The General, it was learned later, arose at 7 o'clock and therefore missed the dawn, which was a foggy sort of an affair. At an earlier hour the Leviathan's decks were alive with soldiers of the composite regiment intent on missing nothing of the home sights on the memorable morning. Four seaplanes from Rockaway appeared as an aerial escort, but had to circle much because of their speed in order to accommodate their gait to that of the marine procession.

The delay part of the trip began in the Narrows. Several vessels at anchor turned loose their whistles. From Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island, came the reverberation of guns—seventeen guns—the General's salute, heard by Pershing for the first time. The line, Rotterdam, inbound, off Quarantine, where the Leviathan did not pause, screamed as the larger vessel passed her. Among her passengers visible were Mrs. Schumann-Hoek and Louise Brandegee, Justice of the Supreme Court. The destroyer Blakely, carrying the Secretary of War, Senate and House committees and others, swept by and anchored close to the Leviathan. On the Leviathan's bridge stood John E. Warren, superior's salute. The destroyer moved up closer and went up the bay abreast of Pershing's ship. Official and private alike turned to look at the soldier, who, ever there is a lover of liberty, wherever there is a heart which rejoices at the deliverance of mankind from its hour of peril you and your great army are remembered and loved. You return not only to American soil but to the heart of the country.

His Home State There.

Banners of many States waved from a steamboat chartered by the War Camp Community Service, which came to the mark with the first brass band of the day. The home States were dancing on a boat called the Zephyr and proclaiming with the help of a strip of lettered canvas "Missouri Welcomes You." Little motor boats scrambled in among the larger craft. The Mayor's committee, on the police boat Patrol, got a good position close to the Leviathan. The navy planes were joined in their frolic by a flock of army planes. Ferryboats began to appear off their regular beats with loads of the city's guests.

Gen. Pershing stuck to the Leviathan's bridge, acknowledging salutes and helping his boy to decipher the New York skyline. The din was now ear-splitting. Building photographers could be seen picturing everything in evidence except the noise. At this hour there were few persons on the Battery seawall. Ends of the crowd were gathered in the park in overall, probably staved. Loads of early commuters on ferryboats were being held up by the harbor police, but did not seem to mind. Unexpectedly they could tell the crowd at the office, "Well, I saw Pershing!"

So, buffeted by cheering and whistling and with Pershing now plainly visible in the struggling sunlight to all the hero worshippers, the Leviathan got abreast of her pier at the Port of Embarkation. She was warped into a dock beside Pier 4, on the opposite side of which the Emperor was berthed.

Reporters Steal Vessel.

Thanks to Gen. Shanks, commander of the Port of Embarkation, who had got word to Gen. Pershing's reporters and photographers from the Hulver went aboard the Leviathan as soon as the gangplank was in place. This rather disrupted the plans of the photographers and officers and sailors were at attention to speed the departing guest. The General and his staff were ready to depart immediately, but at a word from Gen. Shanks he turned and led the boarders to the upper deck, where the light was asked.

A mystified Pershing said asked, "What does this parade mean?" "It's all right," the General's leading it," somebody sang out.

Down on the pier Secretary Baker, Congressman, the city's committee and Gen. Pershing's relatives were waiting. But he allowed the photographers ten minutes. He was striding away when a woman from a Boston newspaper presented herself.

"General," she said, "we've been all night waiting for you. Won't you please—"

"What?" said Pershing, laughing. "You look as fresh as if you had had a good sleep." Then, stepping back, he said earnestly:

"Of course this is not the time for many remarks. To say that I am pleased by this welcome would be superfluous. It is simply overwhelming. I say this in behalf of those brave fellows who went over there and made our success possible."

After this drums ruffled, a trumpet spoke and the General and his staff left the ship and the party line every time before they could shoot, which was a natural act that everybody smiled at and liked. His jaw is just as formidable as his pictures make it appear. His lips are habitually set in a stern line. But yesterday he smiled often, laughed often and boyishly and seemed not a bit grim.

Welcomed by Sisters.

To a little stage in the pier shed the Secretary of War escorted the General from overseas. In the front row before the stage were the General's two sisters, Mrs. D. N. Butler and Miss Mae Pershing, who came to New York from Lincoln, Neb. They insisted that no effort be made to have them meet their brother until after the official committees had done their duty. They went down the pier on one of the boats.

With them in the pier shed sat Warren Pershing. This ten-year-old boy is a delight to the eye and seems not a bit spoiled. While some of the speechifying

was in progress the boy wiggled his fingers, making some sort of a signal which the father apparently understood.

Becomes Guest of City.

Moving then between the lines of soldiers and Hoboken was working, Gen. Pershing boarded the Patrol and became the guest of New York city. He mounted to the upper deck. Secretary Baker, Mr. McAdoo, Champ Clark and other national figures were there. It happened that Gen. Pershing took his position beside the mainmast on the upper deck whose cherubic face should bloom beside him but that of John H. McAdoo, leader of Brooklyn's regular Democracy.

At attention stood row after row of eager faced young women at the edge of the basin, but military etiquette did not prevent some of them from throwing kisses at the General as the Patrol edged away. He did not return them, but laughed. The Street Cleaning Department Band on the Patrol had a high old time, with "Johnny's in Town" and other appealing airs. Its "Home, Sweet Home" caused the hands of the object of all these attentions to grip the rail hard. On the stern deck Warren Pershing, saying he had enough of having his picture taken for one day. The scene and sounds on the way over to Manhattan were repeatedly of the earlier demonstration, only more so. Eventually Secretary Baker and then Gen. March succeeded Mr. McAdoo at the mainmast beside Gen. Pershing.

"I bid you welcome gratefully, in behalf of the country you have served and in behalf of the people whose sons you have led," the General said to the Mayor. "I bid you welcome gratefully, in behalf of the country you have served and in behalf of the people whose sons you have led," the General said to the Mayor.

Message From President.

Mr. Baker then read this message from President Wilson: "My dear Gen. Pershing: I am distressed that I cannot greet you in person. It would give me the greatest pleasure to grasp your hand and say to you what is in my heart and in the hearts of all true Americans as we hail your return to the home land you have served so gallantly. Notwithstanding my physical absence, may I not, as your Commander in Chief and as your great friend, say to you that you are a man of our fellow countrymen, but you are an affectionate and enthusiastic welcome—a welcome warmed with the ardor of genuine affection and deep admiration."

"You have served the country with fine devotion and admirable efficiency in a war forever memorable as the triumph of the human spirit against injustice and as the vindication of the liberty of peoples and of nations. We are proud of you and of the men you commanded. No finer armies ever set their indomitable strength and unconquerable spirit against the forces of wrong. Their glory is the glory of the nation, and it is with a thrill of profound pride that we greet you as our Commander in Chief and as our great friend."

"You have just come from the sea and from the care of the men of the navy, who made the achievements of our arms on the ocean possible. You have gallantly assisted to clear the seas of their lurking peril. Our hearts go out to them, too."

"It is delightful to see you home again, well and fit for the fatigues you must endure before we are done with our welcome! I will not speak now of our associates on the other side of the sea. It will be delightful to many of us to hear of your personal joy that you are at home again and that we have the opportunity to make you feel the warmth of our affectionate welcome."

Commissioned Full General.

Secretary Baker added: "I also take great pleasure in presenting to you in the name of the President this commission as permanent General of the Regular Army." An Pershing rose to accept the commission, and everybody else clapped hands, except maybe Warren Pershing, who seemed to question the solemnity of such display where his father was concerned. Spokesmen for the special committee representing the Senate and House and the President were then introduced. Senator James W. McAdoo, Jr., told of the Senate's voting unanimously to make Pershing a General of the Regular Army.

"All people know," he said, "your great service to the republic. Having performed such a service the republic delights to honor you."

For the House of Representatives spoke Representative F. M. Mondell, wishing the General long life and happiness. Then came William G. McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, representing the committee of New Yorkers appointed by President Wilson.

"In the greatest crisis, sir, which ever faced this country you were sent to Europe to do a big job. In true American style you accomplished it not only on time, but ahead of time. And like a true American you have come home unscathed. I am glad to say that the hand in your hat today is the same size as the hand in the hat you wore when you went over."

Missouri's spokesman was Mrs. F. M. Swacker. She presented messages tied with ribbons from the Governor of the State and the Mayor of St. Louis, where, she said, "the people are awaiting you with feverish anxiety."

Gen. Pershing replied briefly, beginning: "If this is to be continued I believe that before many days have passed I shall wish perhaps that the war had been continued. To say that I am happy to be back on American soil would be merely to waste words. I am overwhelmed with emotion when I think what this greeting means."

The army, he said, had depended on the unshaken morale of the American people. He hoped "those we left behind" will receive the attention of a grateful people, that the graves we have left there will be decorated and clean and eternal in the minds of the people at home, so that those places where they

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at the Federal Building. The police band was performing in front of City Hall. A color guard with the national flag and the flag of the First Division was drawn up across the plaza. The national colors were festooned above the portico. Gov. Smith and Mayor Hylan were on the steps, the Governor making only a silent part in the later exercises because the General was the city's guest. He walked between them up to the Aldermanic Chamber, amid another tumult. In the Aldermanic room the welcoming company stood up, chairs having been removed for the sake of more room.

Welcomed in City Hall.

"Three cheers for Gen. Pershing," from the gallery. Never was there a heartier response. Mr. Wanamaker took the arm of John H. McAdoo, and on the platform introduced him to the Governor and the Mayor. Mayor Hylan then read his address of welcome. He said that "the hearts of the people are filled with never ceasing gratitude." He gave special attention to the record of the First Division, which will march to-morrow.

The name of Gen. Pershing, the Mayor said, was imperishable. He said that history would tell "how one American General, with wonderful power over men, by personal and moral courage, clearness of judgment, vigor of action and genius as great as the exigencies of war ever summoned, led his armies of America to triumphant victory."

Gen. Pershing, whose voice, low but clear, trembled a little on this occasion, replied: "The personal compliments that you have paid me are far greater than my humble services deserve. To receive at your hand the freedom of this great metropolis which we all claim as ours and which we owe so well to in itself a peculiar distinction. Eager to serve the cause, filled with confidence in their own superiority, our young soldiers and their officers have been your guests on their way to their mission across the seas. Your enthusiasm for them and the warm hospitality you gave them and your God speed as they sailed away added new courage and confidence to their hearts and to their mission."

"New York city's part in the war has been a great one. Your patriotic people have sent forth their gallant sons and their officers to fight bravely and courageously contributed funds for the comfort of their boys, and the country has always relied on your patriotism to carry through the country's loans triumphantly. New York's attitude has been accepted everywhere, at home and abroad, as that of the whole people. Your acts have always encouraged the Allies and disheartened the enemy."

"Out of your patriotism, your support and your confidence, in our success and in the growth up between the people of this city and our citizen army a mutual affection that makes for better citizenship, an affection that will grow with time and become a lasting souvenir in the hearts of all those that learn to know and love you."

"Your Honor, I dare not trust myself to express in this presence my personal feelings, and can only say to you, and through you to the people of the city of New York, that I thank you from the bottom of my heart for myself and for those whom I represent."

Gen. Pershing was gold bowed eyes, as he said this, and referred to a single sheet of notes in his hand. Elsewhere he extemporized. The ceremony ended with "The Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Wanamaker in introducing the city's guest, pictured Pershing saying, "Lafayette, we are here," at the great Frenchman's tomb. "Your Honor, Pershing is here," he added.

It was just as the party regained the main corridor that the young woman stormtroopers rushed up, pink bloused the General. It landed on his left cheek. "Please don't," he begged another

The procession turned up Park Row

Saluting was not enough. Gen. Pershing had to stand up in his car. He took off his cap and howled away and that. It was noticed that most men along the curb bared their own heads as the General went by.

Trinity Church displayed flags of all the Allies in addition to the contribution from its church.

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young woman prepared to follow suit. She desisted.

There was no band in the procession from City Hall to Waldorf. The procession was much faster. It was now about 11:30 o'clock. Into Ninth street the cars turned from Lafayette street, passing the two buildings of the Waldorf-Astoria, where there was much flag waving and saluting on the part of the store's military corps of girls.

Crowds were not large elsewhere except around the Waldorf, although the ranks along the curbs were two and three deep as a rule. In Madison Square the General passed beneath the Victory Arch, on the sides of which, almost even with his head, the first words to catch the eye are "Chateau Thierry," "St. Mihiel." All the avenue buses were halted. Their roof gazers were enabled to see how Gen. Pershing looks from the direction of the sky.

Reunions in Waldorf.

On his way to his rooms on the third floor of the hotel Gen. Pershing was greeted by Capt. J. L. Collins, his aide for seven years. This began a series of reunions with staff members and comrades of other days.

With the company in the Waldorf are his staff: Major-General John L. Hines, Brig.-Gen. Fox Connor, Col. George C. Marshall, Col. John E. Quenneville, Brig.-Gen. Robert C. Davis, Major J. E. Hughes, Capt. G. E. Adams, Lieut. R. A. Curtin, Major-General A. Brewster, Brig.-Gen. Walter A. Bethel, Major-General Charles P. Sumner, formerly commander of the First Division, and Lieut.-Col. Lloyd C. Griscom.

Count de Chambrun, who was financial adviser of the French war mission to the country and is a French Lieutenant-Colonel, accompanied Gen. Pershing to this country at the request of the French Government. His horizon blue was the only spot of that color amid the rows of olive drab.

The latest from Warren Pershing is: "Gee, but the Statue of Liberty looked good to-day. It was great to be over there with father, but give me the good old U. S. A. every time."

Admiral Rodman's flagship, the New Mexico, on which three enlisted men were killed and forty others injured in a fire last night, sailed to-night for Victoria, B. C. An inquest was held during the afternoon. All of the injured except Lieutenant-Commander P. L. Carroll and Lieut. C. G. Halpine were able to return to their duties. The damage to the ship was placed at \$5,000.

According to A. F. Billy, chief gunner's mate, the dead are William M. Savage, engineer, second class; A. Hillario and George Dixon, mess attendants, third class.

The most seriously injured were Lieutenant-Commanders P. L. Carroll and G. G. McMillan, Lieut. C. G. Halpine, Norton E. G. Havas, E. B. Brown and J. G. Miller. Ensigns R. W. Albert, C. T. Wooten, Burroughs and Miller, and Gunner Brittenbach.

All were victims of suffocation with the exception of Savage, who was drowned in the ice machine room, according to Billy.

The fire started in the after searchlight rheostat room, presumably from a cigarette, according to Billy. It spread to the ice machine room, where Hillario and Dixon were getting ice. Savage went to their rescue and after getting them out of the room was caught in a

rush of water with which the compartment was being flooded.

He telephoned to the deck, saying he could have his life if the water was turned off, according to Billy, but there was such a vast amount of water on the way that even when it was turned off the room was filled.

In the absence of the Admiral and Captain, Lieutenant-Commander Carroll took charge of the fire. Half suffocated he was removed from the dynamo room a few minutes later and was followed in command by the other officers named, all of whom were overcome. Billy said he had charge of the distribution of gas masks, but in the excitement some of the men suffocated seized masks used for

drill purposes only and unit to keep out the smoke and fumes.

The principal damage was done to the rheostat, dynamo and ice machine rooms, Billy said.

Approximately 1,000 visitors on board when the fire broke out were cleared from the vessel's side in half an hour with little confusion.

Killed at John Brown's Grave.

Special Despatch to THE SUN
LAKE PLACID, Sept. 8.—While showing visitors the grave of John Brown, the abolitionist, here this afternoon, William Hughes, 34, was killed by lightning. Hughes had recently left the navy.

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